

the PUBLIC EYE

MRS. WARREN NOT A CLUBWOMAN



Mrs. Francis E. Warren, the young wife of Senator Warren of Wyoming, was known in Washington society during her girlhood. Before she came to take her place as a matron of the official set at the capital she was often a guest at the home of her uncle, the late Justice Brown of the Supreme court.

Senator and Mrs. Warren are now occupying what was formerly the Brown home, in which as a girl Mrs. Warren spent so many happy days. It is well adapted to entertaining on a generous scale. Its drawing rooms contain some rare pieces of old mahogany which would delight the eye of the collector, but Mrs. Warren prizes them most for their family associations. The guestroom of this mansion is furnished with colonial pieces which are probably as beautiful examples of the craftsmanship of that period as are in existence.

Mrs. Warren is fond of society and the cosmopolitan social life in Washington particularly interesting, but is essentially a home woman. She takes great delight in reading, and of her happiest hours are spent in her big, well-stocked library. Mrs. Warren has never gone in to any great extent for athletics. She has always loved horses, however, and before her marriage kept some particularly ones and rode a great deal. She is devoted to outdoor life and a great or of nature. She often declares that nothing has ever appealed to her as her first trip to the West, with its revelation of great distances and andeur of scenery. Soon after their marriage, three years ago, Senator arren took her West and she made her first acquaintance with her adopted ste of Wyoming. She saw most of the state on that visit, was captivated by beauty and has longed to return to it. If congress does not sit in extra ssion during the coming summer Senator and Mrs. Warren will return to eyenne and open their house there.

Mrs. Warren is not a clubwoman. She is, however, "a suffragist by marage," as she says when asked for her views on equal suffrage. Then she plains that Wyoming, her husband's state, enfranchised its women nearly if a century ago.

SAYS DIVISION OF PRODUCTS IS PROBLEM

"The equitable division of that which is produced is a problem, we have not yet solved," declared Secretary Wilson of the department of labor in an address at the first anniversary banquet of the department in Washington the other night.

"Nobody has yet presented a concrete plan by which this problem can be solved. Some say collective ownership of all means of production, distribution and exchange would solve it and give to every man the full social equivalent of that which his labor produces. But assuming you have collective ownership of all means, how are you going to determine what the full social equivalent is?"

"In the primitive state of society such a thing might have been possible, but not now. No; collective ownership would not give us a solution. Maybe a solution will come yet, though not as the result of one man's brilliant idea, but from some thought upon thought, idea upon idea, until every man on earth may have a full social equivalent of his labor."

The speaker then referred to the different branches of the department of labor. He said the department is bound to grow.

"The labor question," he asserted, "is more vital than any other question before any of the government departments. We have solved the problem of production, so that we need no longer worry about our ability to make enough for our needs; but the problem of distribution is to be solved."

"The welfare of the children of this country is no longer a question of humanity alone," he continued, "but one of economic welfare also."

VISCOUNTESS D'AZY IS POPULAR



Viscountess Benoist d'Azy, the young wife of the naval attaché of the French embassy at Washington, is known as the most popular woman in the diplomatic corps. Accomplished and highly original, she has also a gift for leadership that is generally recognized. She is usually prime mover in private theatricals, winter sports, costume dances and other diversions with which society amuses itself, and she often lends her energies upon the successful consummation of some enterprise which she has organized for one American charity or another. Not long ago she produced the play, "Le Voyageur," in the ballroom of the mansion of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin MacVeach. Viscountess d'Azy herself played a role, and the other members of an unusually distinguished cast were the Countess Bertier de Sauvigny, wife of the military attaché of the French embassy; Baron von Nageli, Baron Karl von Freudenthal and Mr. von Rath. The play was given as a benefit for the Washington diet kitchen and \$1,000 was realized.

The Viscountess d'Azy has five children. The daughter of the Marquis de Vogue, herself a scion of one of the oldest houses in France and a member of the French Academy, she was married, as are most French girls of gentle blood, almost as soon as she entered her teens. She is a devoted mother, and the comrade and playmate of her five children, whose names are Charles, Elaine, Clare, Margaret and Martha.

EXPLORER GREELY STILL VIGOROUS

As vigorous and active as many men of half his age, Maj. Gen. Adolphus Greely, famous as a soldier and Arctic explorer, reached the seventieth milestone of his life's journey a few days ago. Since his retirement from active service six years ago General Greely has made his residence in Washington city. Much of his time, however, has been spent abroad, where he has interested himself in the study of aviation, military affairs and geography and kindred sciences.

General Greely is a native of Newburyport, Mass., where he was born March 27, 1844. He served in the Union army from 1861 to 1865 and was the first man who entered the Civil war as a private soldier to attain the rank of brigadier general in the regular service.

More than 30 years ago General Greely attracted world-wide attention by a polar expedition of which he was the chief. This expedition sailed northward in 1881. It contained 25 members, of whom only seven came back. Two relief expeditions failed to find the Greely party, and when finally rescued by the third expedition, sent under command of Capt. Winfield Scott Schley, the survivors of the party were nearly crazed with hunger.



DO NOT PAMPER HORSES DURING WINTER



A Fine Farm Team.

(By J. M. BELL.)

We are now in the midst of spring weather, and the daily care of the farm teams should be a matter of importance to their owners. This caring for them does not altogether consist in feeding and watering regularly, although these are the main essentials, and without good feed and an abundance of pure drinking water, the stock cannot remain in a thrifty condition.

The question of exercise is a most important one and one that should never be neglected. I think it a good plan to turn out all of the work horses every day that are not in actual use, especially on days when there is no falling weather.

One of the greatest mistakes that a farmer can make is to leave his teams standing in the barn, day after day, and on full feed, as they are liable to suffer from attacks of indigestion, and any of the older stock are very liable to stock up from the want of exercise. Then again all of them will be more subject to colds than where they are turned out to run around and play in the farm yard.

Last winter the writer had a man renting land from him. This man had handled farm teams in many of the Northern and Western states, especially in Montana, Idaho, Washington, also Minnesota. In all of these states he had used teams on the road and on the farm. Moving to Virginia in the month of December, he bought four head of horses in the city of Richmond, and bringing them down on the farm put them in a rather open barn, and kept stable blankets on them at night, and in fact all the time that they stood in the barn. But he did not keep them in the barn in the day time, unless it was raining or snowing, for on all fairly bright days, never mind how cold, the horses were turned out, the blankets taken off. One of these horses had just been clipped. He too was turned out with the other three that had their regular coats of winter hair on them.

It was a pretty sight to see the four

big strong horses running around and playing like so many colts, and even rolling over in the snow, for we do have snow occasionally in "Old Virginia." Now the writer does not remember ever seeing one of these horses with a cold or even a cough, all during the time they were on this Virginia farm.

Of course I am well aware that the climate in the North and West is much colder than that of Virginia, but where teams are accustomed to the winters of these other states, they can be turned out with impunity. I should think, and without any fear of injuring them.

In connection with the idea of horses being turned out for exercise in the winter season, the writer calls to mind a paragraph that Secretary Wilson, has been wintering a herd of horses out of doors, for the past 20 years, on his Iowa farm. These horses have access to a shed that they could find protection from the cold blasts, but it is said that they sought protection in a wooded ravine and would not go into the shed, even in the worst weather. This herd of horses enjoy the best of health, and they, being put in pasture when between one and two years old, are kept there until they are taken out to be broken and sold.

Here is a practical illustration of the cold weather that horses will stand and thrive in, if they are turned loose, so that they can get the amount of exercise that they stand in need of. Too many stallions are pampered, and at the same time injured by keeping them shut up in close stalls, when they should have the run of the paddock every good day during the winter.

Just remember that it is almost impossible to hurt a horse of any class, or of any breed, by turning him out and letting him keep warm by moving around in the paddock, field or pasture lot.

This same simple rule will apply equally well to brood mares and colts.

PRACTICAL HINTS FOR HOG BREEDER

Field of Winter Rye Upon Which Animals May Be Turned in Spring Is Great Aid.

(By W. M. KELLY.)

A few years of actual experience in the business of breeding swine has convinced me of the falsity of many of the theories concerning breeding and growing swine.

A field of winter rye upon which the hogs may be turned early in the spring and on which they may feed while the other forage crops are being sown and started will help out wonderfully in the amount of grain food required to keep them in a good, thrifty condition.

When turned on to a green feed for the first time, one hour each day until they have become accustomed to the change will be better for the hogs than to allow them to make a too radical change of diet.

The man that has hogs and knows how to keep them, has what is better than a gold mine these days.

Get the kind of hogs you like to see around you best. They will do the best for you, because you will do the best by them.

Hogs like charcoal, especially in winter. It does them lots of good; corrects the tendency to stomach and bowel troubles.

The best hog is not the one that has the longest legs. That kind will run off more flesh than you can put on. Length of body beats long legs all hollow.

Don't be in too big a hurry when you feed. Stop and watch the pigs and hogs eat. You can tell in that way whether they are well and hearty or not.

Have you a good many small potatoes? They are fine for hogs when boiled soft and mashed. The hogs relish them and they are rich in pork-making material.

Confidence is Essential.

The cow will never do her best unless she has perfect confidence in her owner.

Attention for Ewes.

How about the ewes? Are they getting good feed? Or are they just barely living upon what they can find? Remember, a pound of oats now is worth more than three at lambing time.

Hard Work.

Getting fodder out of a muddy field, or digging the shocks out of the snow, is a great deal harder than throwing a load down from a silo, or even lifting it up out of a pit.

GETTING THE COWS OUT TO PASTURES

There Are Cases Where It Is Advisable to Keep Up Grain After Pastures Are Open.

What a relief it is to have the cows out to pasture and not be compelled to feed grain! There are cases, however, where it is a good plan to keep up the feed ration for a few weeks after the cows go to grass.

Take it where cows are thin in flesh when they are turned away. For some time they will use everything they can eat, nearly for building up their own bodies. Precious little left for you till the cows get in average flesh. While they are doing this, better feed some grain and hurry the matter on. The best way, of course, is to keep the cows from running down that way in the first place; but we do not always do as we should. Would it not be fine if we did?

A rusty milk can is a nuisance. Some cities will not accept milk which has been brought in in one of them. Good thing, too. No amount of scrubbing can ever make a rusty spot in tin perfectly sweet and clean. New cans are the thing.

It is the "gentle" bull that hooks the life out of his master. Look out for yours.

How to Apply Water.

In a dry time plants must either be drenched or left alone. A little surface watering only causes the roots to feed nearer the surface and they will then be injured by the drought more than if they are not watered at all. Stirring the surface soil will do more good than anything but generous and continued watering. For single plants old tin cans with perforated bottoms may be set half their height in the ground near the roots and the water poured into them.

Bad Stable Floors.

Wooden floors are too dry and have an injurious effect upon the horse's hoofs; besides there is the ever-present danger of splintering.

Bad Place for Incubator.

No incubator will do its best work when operated in a very dry or very damp place.

Always in Demand.

We never yet have had too many fresh eggs or too many prime market fowls.

Clean Up Everywhere.

Clean up the place—every fence corner, the yard, the barnyard, the orchard.

HER MANY CONQUESTS

By CLARA MORTON.

The little stenographer stood at the door, looking dubiously at the descending elevator. Then, with a deep sigh and a solemn expression, she turned and pushed open the little gate.

"Ah—am I just—awfully attractive—when you don't know me very well?" she inquired seriously of the bookkeeper, her brow wrinkled in perplexity.

"I tell you—it's that plaid skirt!" he exclaimed, turning wondering eyes upon the broad bars and stripes. "It's a perfect magnet for eyes. But who's been troubling you?" He frowned with an effect of extreme ferocity.

"No, it's not that. They can admire my skirt all they want, if they'd only be still about it! But it's lots different from that!" She sank dismally into her chair and rocked back and forth, deriving comfort from the squeaks it emitted.

"I've tried to be nice," she said reminiscingly. "But I didn't try to be especially nice, I know I didn't. I don't believe I was more than just natural! Do I have to turn into a perfect sphinx—or into a prim old maid, to be comfortable?"

"You've got me," admitted the bookkeeper. "Now, if you'll just give me, say, three clues—or maybe a good hint, I'll see if I can guess, that is, if it's a riddle." He waited invitingly. "Honestly—I'm serious!" insisted the little stenographer. "I may have to quit if it gets worse, though I don't know how it could!"

She seemed very woebegone.

"What's really up?" asked the bookkeeper sympathetically.

"Is it wrong to smile—at towel boys and elevator men and window cleaners and janitors and painters and—even messenger boys?" The question ended in an impetuous exclamation.

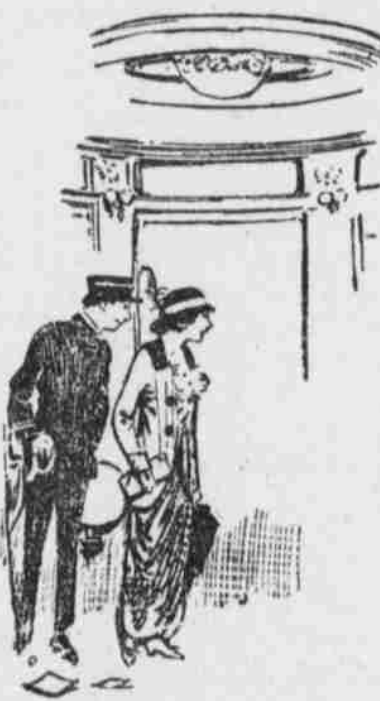
"Not if you like to," declared the bookkeeper, judiciously.

"Well, the towel boy, one day he asked me what my first name was. And was hurt because I wouldn't tell! And the nicest of all, the messenger boy, the one that I always wanted to call, and the one that I thought was about fourteen, he took hold of my hand with the message the other day and wouldn't let go. Oh, it was dreadful—though I'd never said anything to him but good morning or some such thing!"

"And—and," the little stenographer flushed, "the janitor winked at me yesterday when I smiled at him!"

"Wait till I see him—" said the bookkeeper.

"But that's not all," she broke in, "for when the men were painting here—I'd seen them around the hall for years, and never thought anything of smiling in a friendly way at them, just



"Asked Me to Go to a Show."

to show that I wasn't a snob—one of them said to me: 'That's my girl!' And they both laughed. Oh, it was awful! One of them kept coming back into the office for brushes, and every time he'd say that it was just once more to see me. I kept still about it, for I was ashamed!

"But the watchman stopped me in the hall this morning and asked where I lived, because he wished I lived near his house, for he had a fine phonograph!"

"While I was all wilted through and through I got in the elevator, and it was empty. I unconsciously smiled at the man and agreed that it was nice weather, and he said yes, fine for the show. And then there he asked me to go to a show with him! I didn't know what to say! I don't like to hurt him. He seemed a nice sort of good natured boy—but, oh—" she paused.

"Well, it's not so bad," comforted the bookkeeper.

"Oh, but—" she blushed. "Jack happened to be waiting downstairs when the man called after me to think it over and try to go!"

The bookkeeper whistled softly.

"Oh, I see!" he said, with understanding.—Chicago Daily News.

Had a Laugh Coming.

He had sold his farm to a neighbor for a young heifer and he was chuckling visibly as he tied the heifer to the back of the cart containing his household goods. "What are you laughing at?" his wife asked him. "Why," he chuckled, "that fellow thinks that farm is 40 acres and it's 60 acres. I've unloaded 20 more on him than he thinks!"—Life.

His Opinion.

Bill—Western Australia produces more gold than any American state, sends more pearls to Europe than any other country except Ceylon, and is said to have the richest belt of hard wood timber in the world.

Jill—Well, what use is it if it hasn't a baseball team?

Sympathy is the safeguard of the human soul against selfishness.—Thomas Carlyle.

Rubbing wears clothes out—wears you out—wastes time—wastes work. RUB-NO-MORE WASHING POWDER saves clothes—saves you—saves time; because it loosens dirt without rubbing.



RUB-NO-MORE Carbolic Soap

RUB-NO-MORE WASHING POWDER is a sudless dirt remover for clothes. It cleans your dishes, sinks, toilets and cleans and sweetens your milk crocks. It kills germs. It does not need hot water.

Five Cents—All Grocers

The Rub-No-More Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

HOOSIER BINDER TWINE

Direct from Factory 8 1/2¢ Treated for Insects Fully Guaranteed

Orders for 500 lbs. or more, 3 per cent off; or good note due Sep. 1st, 1914, without interest. Car lot prices on application. Prices c. o. b. factory. Remit by any form of exchange. Order by letter or send for blanks. Careful attention to club orders. E. J. Fogarty, Supt., Hoosier Twine Mills, Michigan City, Ind.

DIDN'T GET THE SITUATION

Well-Meaning Man Not Exactly Wise to the Methods Peculiar to Up-to-Date Femininity.

"I don't live in this town," he said, as he halted before a policeman on the corner.

"Well?" was queried.

"I think I made a mistake back there."

"What's the matter with your chin?"

"A woman bit me, and that's why I think I made a mistake."

"How was it?"

"Down on the next block the sewer is stopped up and there's a lot of water over the crossing. A woman stood with her toes in the edge of it, and thinking she wanted to cross I picked her up and carried her over."

"And she bit you in return?"

"She bit me and called me names. Can you see where I made a mistake?"

"Um! I can. She didn't want to cross."

"But she stood there?"

"Yes, but she was simply getting her feet wet."

"What for?"

"That she might go home and tell her husband that she had got to have \$8 to get a pair of the spring and summer style of shoes, or go into quick consumption!"

Important to Mothers Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Snow Will Not Quench Thirst.

The water which will allay our burning thirst augments it when congealed into snow, so that it is stated by explorers of the Arctic regions that the natives "prefer enduring the utmost extremity of thirst rather than attempt to remove it by eating snow." Yet if the snow be melted it becomes drinkable water. Nevertheless, although, if melted before entering the mouth, it assuages thirst like other water, when melted in the mouth it has the opposite effect. To render this paradox more striking, we have only to remember that ice, which melts more slowly in the mouth, is very efficient in allaying thirst.

Red Cross Ball Blue, much better, goes farther than liquid blue. Get from any grocer. Adv.

His Future Abode.

In a Great Western railway carriage on the way up to London, a youth had disturbed and annoyed the other passengers by loud and foolish remarks during a great part of the journey. As the train passed Hanwell lunatic asylum he remarked:

"I often think how nice the asylum looks from the railway."

"Some day," growled an old gentleman, "you will probably have occasion to remark how nice the railway looks from the asylum!"—London Chronicle.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes will last until the goods wear out. Adv.

Had the Right Idea.

Small Chris had been given a toy bank and was told to save all his pennies. The next day he said: "Mamma, please give me a quarter."

"What do you want it for?" she asked.

"I want," replied the young financier, "to get it changed into pennies to save."

W.F. YOUNG, P. O. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Wives! Mothers! Daughters! Just a Word With You!

A woman's organism is a very delicate thing—it very easily gets out of order—just like a delicate piece of machinery, it requires more than ordinary care and attention.

There are many signs which point to disorder, such as headaches, unaccountable pains in various parts of the body, listlessness, nervousness, irritability, dizziness, faintness, backache, loss of appetite, depression, and many others.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

has been the means of restoring thousands of suffering women to natural health and strength. For more than forty years it has been successfully carrying on this great work. Today it is known throughout the length and breadth of every land. Women everywhere look upon it as a helpful friend. Let it aid you.

Sold in liquid or tablet form by druggists, or trial box mailed you for 50 cents from Dr. Pierce's Dispensary, Buffalo, N.Y.

Dr. Pierce's "Inosant Pellets regulate Stomach, Liver and Bowels"

Watch Your Colts

For Coughs, Colds and Croup, and at the first symptoms of any such ailment, give the small dose of that wonderful remedy, now the most used in all America.

SPON'S DISTEMPER CONJURED

40 cents and 40¢ a bottle 80¢ and 80¢ the dozen of any druggist, hardware store or paint dealer. SPON'S DISTEMPER CONJURED

Complete and Satisfactory, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.